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THE FIRST MILL IN OHIO.—MASSACRE AT BIG BOTTOM.

BY S. P. HILDRETH.

Ohio company—Site and description of mill—Its excellence—Settlement at the mills broken up by the Indian war—Policy of the Ohio company—Settlement at Big Bottom—The errors of the settlers—Notes of the weather—Further description of the settlement—Indian reconnoissance—Capture of the Choate family—Massacre at the block house—Escape of the Bullards and Philip Stacy—Prejudice of the Indians—The killed—Alarm at the mills—Dispatches sent to Plainfield—The alarm of the settlers—Visit to Big Bottom and burial of the dead—Indian declaration of war, and war-club—Perilous situation of Isaac Choate—Liberation of prisoners—Conclusion.

THE drawing which stands at the head of this article [see frontispiece] represents, pretty accurately, the first saw and grist-mill ever built within the boundaries of this state. A mill still stands on the same spot. The old grist-mill was removed but a few years since, and a new one erected. Soon after the Ohio company took possession of their purchase at the mouth of the Muskingum, intelligent men were sent out to explore that new region before the regular surveys were made. The object of this was to ascertain the quality of the land, to point out suitable locations for settlements, and to examine the streams for mill-seats. Amongst the best which were reported, was one on Wolf creek, about a mile above its junction with the Muskingum river. At this place, the bed and banks of the creek were cut out of the solid limestone rock, into which the water, in the course of ages, had worn a channel from ten to twelve feet in depth; and in addition to a fall of several feet in a few rods, formed most eligible locations for a mill. The spot is quite a picturesque one, and is well represented in the drawing.

In the summer of 1789, an association was formed by colonel Robert Oliver, major Haffield White, and captain John Dodge, for erecting mills at this place. The agents of the Ohio company, to encourage improvements, granted donations of land to persons who engaged in enterprizes of this kind. It is distant, by the most direct route, about sixteen miles from Marietta. In the course of this year the dam was thrown across the creek and the saw-mill erected. The wrought-iron crank of this mill, weighing one hundred and eighty

pounds, was made in New Haven, Connecticut, and brought on the back of a pack horse over the mountains to Simrel's ferry on the Youghegany river, and thence by water to Marietta. In the following year, or in 1790, the building for the grist-mill was put up. It was about sixteen by twenty-four feet, one story high, built of logs and covered with a substantial shingle roof. It stood directly below the saw-mill, the outer side resting on a stone wall and the inner one supported by the lime rock of the bank of the creek. The water for turning the wheel passed under the saw-mill. The millstones were brought from Laurel hill, and are now in use in the new mill. The running gear was made by two men by the name of Applegate and Potts, who came down from the Monongahela country for that purpose.

From tradition we are led to suppose that the machinery and millstones were of the best quality, for it is said that with a good head of water they could grind a bushel of fine corn meal in four minutes, or one of a coarser quality in one minute. In proof of the excellency of this mill we have the testimony of judge Joseph Barker, of Washington county. "In January, 1790, the company were taking their millstones up in a small keel-boat, and through the carelessness of the hands, the water rose in the night and took the boat off; which was taken up by captain Stone next morning at Belprie. It was followed by major White. I being on a visit at Belprie, assisted major White up to Marietta with his boat and millstones. In March following, in company with a number of neighbors from Marietta, I went to Wolf creek mills, which had been in operation a few days; we had a large perogue and sixty bushels, principally corn. We landed within half a mile of the mill at ten o'clock, A. M.; a four ox team took our grain to the mill and returned the meal, and we had all ground and started for Marietta at two o'clock, P. M., and arrived there before sundown. I saw a bushel of corn ground at that mill in two minutes, by a watch."—[*Manuscript Notes of judge Barker.*]

In the course of that year, the three cabins were erected, as seen on the drawing, and occupied as follows—No. 1, by major Haffield White and family; No. 2, by colonel Robert Oliver; and No. 3, by captain John Dodge. Soon after the Indian war broke out, in January, 1791, by the attack and massacre of the inhabitants at Big Bottom, ten miles higher up the Muskingum, the settlement at the mills was evacuated. The mills, however, stood unharmed through the five years' war that followed, and furnished a large portion of the meal used by the inhabitants of the garrison at Plainfield, since called Waterford. This fort was about two miles distant, on the opposite or

east bank of the Muskingum. When the mill was visited by the stout borderers of the new settlements, they went in a company of twenty-five or thirty men well armed. The grain was transported in canoes or perogues, a part of the men going by land on each shore of the creek, acted as flank guards to those who were in the boats. While at the mill regular sentries were set, and in the return the same precautions were used; no accident ever occurred while on these tours. The Indians often visited the mills, but it so happened that no white man was there at the time; their signs were frequently seen by the rangers, and once they hoisted the gate and set the millstones running, probably to gratify their curiosity. When visited by some of the spies a while after, they were still running and had worn their surfaces quite smooth, so as to require a new facing before they could be again used. It is supposed they refrained from burning the mills with an expectation that the settlers would often visit them, and thus afford opportunity for the Indians to ambush and kill them. The sacking of Big Bottom block-house, has been referred to in the fore part of this article; and as the settlers of this station, then called "Millsburgh," shared largely in the alarm of that distressing night, it will probably be interesting to the reader to learn the particulars of that event.

Massacre at Big Bottom.—In connection with the origin of this settlement, it will be proper to state, that it was the policy of the agents of the Ohio company to encourage settlements in some of the more remote points of the purchase; not only for the speedy occupancy of the country, but also to form a frontier for the main portion of the colony at the mouth of the Muskingum. For this purpose, on the 6th of February, 1789, they passed the following resolve:—"There shall be granted to persons who shall settle in such places within the purchase as the agents may think most conducive to advance the general interest of the proprietors, and under such restrictions and limitations as they shall think proper, not exceeding one hundred acres out of each share of the fund of the company; and that a committee be appointed to investigate the purchase, so far as may, in their opinion, be necessary in order to point out and fix on proper places of settlement." The general regulation in making these settlements was, that no settlement should consist of less than twenty able bodied men, well provided with arms and ammunition, and to erect such works of defence as should be pointed out by the committee. In 1792, about a year after the war commenced, congress relieved the company from the burthen of donating one hundred acres from each

share of their joint stock, by granting to the directors one hundred thousand acres in trust, to be given in lots of one hundred acres to actual settlers. In pursuance of the resolve to grant donation lands, a number of settlements were begun in 1789 and 1790.

In the autumn of the latter year, a company of men, consisting of thirty-six, who had drawn lots at Big Bottom, went up from Marietta to commence their settlement. They erected a block-house of the size of twenty-four by twenty feet; very little clearing had yet been done beyond that made in cutting away the trees for the block-house. This building stood on the first or low bottom, a few rods from the shore, on the left bank of the Muskingum river, four miles above the mouth of Meigs' creek or thirty from Marietta. A few rods back from the garrison, the land rose several feet on to a second or higher bottom, which stretched out into a plain of half a mile in width, extending to the foot of the hills. Big Bottom was so called from its size, being four or five miles in length and containing more fine land than any other below Duncan's falls. A few yards above the block-house, a small drain put down from the plain into the river, forming a shallow ravine. Excepting the small clearing round the garrison, made as above stated, the whole region was a forest. This settlement was made up chiefly of young, single men, but little acquainted with Indian warfare or military rules. "Those best acquainted with the Indians, and those most capable of judging from appearances, had little doubt that they were preparing for hostilities, and strongly opposed the settlers going out that fall, and advised their remaining until spring; by which time, probably, the question of war or peace would be settled. Even general Putnam, and the directors of the Ohio company, who gave away the land to have it settled, thought it risky and imprudent, and strongly remonstrated against venturing out at that time."

"But the young men were impatient, confident in their own prudence and ability to protect themselves. They went; put up a block-house which might accommodate the whole of them on an emergency; covered it, and laid puncheon floors, stairs, &c. It was laid up of large beech logs, and rather open, as it was not chinked between the logs; this job was left for a rainy day or some more convenient season. Here was their first great error, as they ceased to complete the work, and the general interest was lost in that of the convenience of each individual; with this all was lost. The second error was, they kept no sentry and had neglected to stockade or set pickets around the block-house." "No system of defence and discipline had been introduced. Their guns were lying in different places, without

order, about the house. Twenty men usually encamped in the house, a part of whom were now absent, and each individual and mess cooked for themselves. One end of the building was appropriated for a fire-place, and when the day closed in all came in, built a large fire, and commenced cooking and eating their suppers."—[*Manuscript of judge Barker.*]

The weather for some time previous to the attack, as we learn from the diary of Hon. Paul Fearing, who lived at Fort Harmer, had been quite cold. "November 27.—Cold weather—a little snow." "The last of December quite cold, with some snow." "January 1, 1791.—The coldest day, thus far, this winter; the thermometer at zero;" "the Muskingum passable on the ice since the 22d day of December;" and so continued to the day of attack. Sunday, the 2d of January, it had thawed a little, but the ground was partially covered with snow in patches. In the midst of winter, and with such weather as this, it was not customary for the Indians to venture out on war parties, and the early borderers had formerly thought themselves in a manner safe from their depredations during the winter months.

About twenty rods above the block-house and a little back from the bank of the river, two men, Francis and Isaac Choate, members of the company, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing their lots. Thomas Shaw, a hired laborer in the employ of the Choates, and James Patten, another of the associates, lived with them. About the same distance below the garrison was an old "tomahawk improvement" and a small cabin, which two men, Asa and Eleazer Bullard, had fitted up and now occupied. The Indian war path, from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along on the opposite shore in sight of the river.

The Indians, who during the summer had been hunting and loitering about the settlements at Wolf creek mills and at Plainfield, holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the settlers, selling them venison and bear meat in exchange for green corn and vegetables, had withdrawn early in the autumn and gone high up the river into the vicinity of their towns, preparatory to winter quarters. Being well acquainted with all the approaches to these settlements, and the manner in which the inhabitants lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehensive of danger, they planned and fitted out a war party for their destruction. It is said, they were not aware of there being a settlement at Big Bottom until they came in sight of it on the opposite shore of the river in the afternoon. From a high hill opposite the garrison, they had a view of all that part of the bottom and could see how the men were occupied and what was doing about the block-house.

Having reconnoitered the station in this manner, just at twilight they crossed the river on the ice a little above, and divided their men into two parties; the larger one to attack the block-house, and the smaller one to make prisoners of the few men living in Choate's cabin, without alarming those below. The plan was skillfully arranged and promptly executed. As the party cautiously approached the cabin, they found the inmates at supper; a party of the Indians entered, while others stood without by the door, and addressed the men in a friendly manner. Suspecting no harm, they offered them a part of their food, of which they partook. Looking about the room, the Indians espied some leather thongs and pieces of cords that had been used in packing in venison, and taking the white men by their arms told them they were prisoners. Finding it useless to resist, the Indians being more numerous, they submitted to their fate in silence.

While this was transacting, the other party had reached the block-house unobserved; even the dogs gave no notice of their approach, as they usually do, by barking; the reason probably was, that they were also within by the fire instead of being on the alert for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a stout Mohawk, who stepped in and stood by the door to keep it open while his companions without shot down those around the fire. A man by the name of Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, was frying meat, and fell dead in the fire; several others fell at this discharge. The Indians then rushed in and killed all who were left with the tomahawk. No resistance seems to have been offered, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, by any of the men; but a stout, backwoods, Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull, and the axe passed down through his cheek into the shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face; she was instantly killed by the tomahawk of one of his companions before she could repeat the stroke. This was all the injury received by the Indians, as the men were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which stood in the corner of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacy, a young man in the prime of life and the son of colonel William Stacy, sprung up the stair-way and out on to the roof; while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen years, secreted himself under some bedding in the corner of the room. The Indians on the outside soon discovered the former, and shot him while he was in the act of "begging them, for God's sake, to spare his life, as he was the only one left!"

This was heard by the Bullards, who, alarmed by the firing at the

block-house, had ran out of their cabin to see what was the matter. Discovering the Indians round the house, they sprung back into their hut, seized their rifles and ammunition, and, closing the door after them, put out into the woods in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the view of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door, which was made of thin clapboards, burst open by the Indians. They did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a good fire burning and their food for supper smoking hot on the table. After the slaughter was over and the scalps secured, one of the most important acts in the warfare of the American savages, they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding, the lad, Philip Stacy, was discovered; their tomahawks were instantly raised to dispatch him, when he threw himself at the feet of one of their leading warriors, begging him to protect him. The savage either took compassion on his youth, or else his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After removing every thing they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it on the dead bodies and set it on fire, thinking to destroy the block-house with the carcasses of their enemies. The building being made of green beech logs, the fires only consumed the floors and roof, leaving the walls still standing when visited the day after by the whites.

A curious circumstance, showing the prejudices of the Indians, is related by William Smith, who was an associate in the Big Bottom settlement, but providentially escaped by being absent on that day on his return from a visit to Marietta. From some trifling circumstance which vexed him at the time, he did not get so early a start in the morning as he intended, and only reached Wolf creek mills at nightfall instead of the block-house, the stage he intended to make when he rose from his bed in the morning. He was on the ground the second day after, and says that the Indians carried out the meal, beans, &c., which they found in the house, before setting it on fire, and laid them in small heaps by the stumps a few paces distant. They probably considered it sacrilege to destroy articles of food, or that it would give offence to the Great Spirit to do so, and that he would in some way punish them for it. No people were ever more governed in their actions by auguries and omens, than the savages of North America; this we learn from travelers and prisoners who have lived among them.

There were twelve persons killed in this attack, viz. John Stacy, Ezra Putnam, son of major Putnam of Marietta; John Camp, and Zebulon Throop—these men were from Massachusetts; Jonathan Farewell, and James Couch, from New Hampshire; William James,
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from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, Rhode Island; Isaac Meeks, his wife and two children, from Virginia. They were well provided with arms, and no doubt could have defended themselves had they taken proper precautions; but they had no old Revolutionary officers with them to plan and direct their operations, as they had at all the other garrisons. If they had picketed their house and kept a regular sentry, the Indians would probably never have attacked them. They had no horses or cattle for them to seize upon as plunder, and Indians are not very fond of hard fighting where nothing is to be gained; but seeing the naked block-house without any defences, they were encouraged to attempt its capture. Colonel Stacy, who had been an old soldier, well acquainted with Indian warfare in Cherry valley, and had two sons there, visited the post only the Saturday before, and seeing its weak state, had given them a strict charge to keep a regular watch and prepare immediately strong bars to the door, to be shut every night at sunset. They, however, fearing no danger, did not profit by his advice.

The two Bullards, after making their escape, traveled rapidly down the river about four miles, to Samuel Mitchell's hunting camp. Captain Rogers, a soldier of the Revolution, a fine hunter, and afterwards a ranger for the Ohio company, was living with him; and a Mohican Indian, from Connecticut, by the name of Dick Layton. Mitchell was away at Wolf creek mills, Rogers and Dick were lying wrapped up in their blankets, in a sound sleep, before the fire. They were soon awakened and made acquainted with the cause of their visit, and the probable fate of the people at the block-house. Seizing their weapons, without delay they crossed the Muskingum on the ice, and shaped their course through the woods, across the peninsula or great bend in the river, to Wolf creek mills, distant about six miles, and reached that place between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. On announcing the attack at Big Bottom and the probable approach of the Indians to the mills, great was the consternation and alarm of the helpless women and children. The absence of several of the leading men to attend a court at Marietta, which sat on Monday, made their situation still more desperate in case of an attack, which they had every reason to expect before morning. The gloom of night greatly added to their distress and gave energy to their fears. Under the direction of captain Rogers, who had been familiar with similar events, the inhabitants, amounting to about thirty in number, principally women and children, were all collected into the largest and strongest cabin, belonging to colonel Oliver, and is the one standing nearest to the mill on the drawing. Into this they brought a

few of their most valuable effects, with all the tubs, kettles, and pails that could be mustered, which Rogers directed to be filled with water from the creek for the purpose of extinguishing fire, should the Indians attempt to burn the house; which was one of their most common modes of attack. The door was strongly barred and windows made fast; the men, seven in number, were posted in the loft, who, by removing a few chunks between the logs, and here and there a shingle from the roof, soon made port-holes from which to fire upon the enemy. Like a prudent soldier, their leader posted one man as a sentry on the outside, under cover of a fence, to give timely notice of their approach. It was a long and weary night, never to be forgotten by the poor women and children who occupied the room below, and thought they should be first sacrificed if the Indians entered the house. Just before day the sentinel gave notice of their approach; several were seen near the saw-mill, and their movements distinctly heard as they stepped across some loose boards. Their tracks were also seen the next morning in some patches of snow. Finding the people here awake and on the look-out, prepared for an attack, they did nothing more than reconnoitre the place, and made their retreat at early dawn, to the great relief of the inhabitants. The number of Indians who came over from Big Bottom, was never known.

Samuel Mitchell was dispatched early in the night to give the alarm to the settlement at Plainfield, and two runners were also sent off to Marietta. Nothing could better demonstrate the courage and humanity of captain Rogers, than his conduct in this affair; thus to weaken his own means of defence by dispatching some of his most active and brave men to notify the sleeping settlers of their danger, when he had every reason to expect an attack from a superior force before morning. The distance from the mill to the cabin of Harry Maxon, with whom then lived major Dean Tyler, on the west bank of the Muskingum, was but little over a mile. Maxon was absent at Marietta; Mrs. Maxon crossed the river on the ice, with Mitchell and Tyler, to awaken and notify the people of Plainfield of the danger that awaited them. They first called at the cabin of the widow Convers, whose husband had died the year before of the small-pox; her dwelling then stood near the centre of the present town of Beverly. She had with her eight children; the two oldest were sons, James and Daniel, the former a young man, the latter a lad of fifteen, who soon after was taken prisoner by the Indians. In one hour from the time the alarm was given by Mitchell, these young men had visited every cabin in the settlement, extending for two miles up and down

the river. With all the haste the emergency required, and with as little noise as possible, the inhabitants assembled in their only block-house, which stood near the lower part of the settlement.

The alarm of the women and children, turned out of their beds in the middle of the night, was not much less than that at the mills; but it so happened that they had more experienced men amongst them, and fewer of them were absent at the court. The escape of the two Bullards, was a merciful and providential event for the settlers at Plainfield; if these men had been killed or captured, the Indians would that night have fallen on the unsuspecting inhabitants in their sleep, and they were far less able to resist than the people at Big Bottom, nearly all of them living detached in their simple log cabins. It is morally certain this would have been their fate, as the Indians fitted out the war party with the express purpose of destroying these two settlements, and had said that before the trees were again covered with green leaves, they would not leave a smoke of the white man on this side of the Ohio river. The block-house in which they assembled, was about twenty feet square, and sheltered, that night, twelve heads of families with their wives and children, besides Tyler, Mitchell, and Mrs. Maxon, amounting in all to sixty-seven souls. No alarm happened during that gloomy night, save the noise of the dogs, which were left outside to give notice by their barking of the approach of the savages. Early in the morning, scouts of the most active men were sent out to reconnoitre and search for signs of the enemy. None, however, were seen; in the course of the day they visited their deserted cabins for food, which they had no time to take with them in the hurry of the preceding night. Immediately after this event, they erected a strong picketed garrison, with three block-houses; in which they beat off one or two attacks of the Indians, and lived securely during the following five years' war.

The next day captain Rogers led a party of men over to Big Bottom. It was a melancholy sight to the poor borderers, as they knew not how soon the same fate might befall themselves. The action of the fire, although it did not consume, had so blackened and disfigured the dead, that few of them could be distinguished. That of Ezra Putnam was known by a pewter plate that lay under him, and which his body had prevented from entirely melting. His mother's name was on the bottom of the plate, and a part of the cake he was baking at the fire still adhered to it. William James was recognized by his great size, being six feet four inches in height and stoutly built. He had a piece of bread clinched in his right hand, probably in the act of eating with his back to the door, when the fatal rifle shot took

effect. As the ground was frozen outside, a hole was dug within the walls of the house, and the bodies consigned to one grave. No further attempt was made at a settlement here, till after the peace in 1795. Big Bottom now forms a quiet and beautiful settlement in the township of Windsor, Morgan county.

The party of warriors from Wolf creek mills, having rejoined their companions early in the day, preparation was made for their homeward march. They knew, from the escape of the men from the deserted cabin, that the settlements below were alarmed and on the watch, and that further attempts at that time would be useless. The Indians engaged in this attack were Delawares and Wyandotts, and have been variously estimated by different narrators, as from sixty to seventy-five in number. Colonel Daniel Convers, who was taken prisoner a few months after, saw Thomas Shaw in Detroit, and conversed with him at various times on this subject. He states the number to have been only twenty-five; and as he was with them for a considerable period as their prisoner, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of his statement. The Indians having completed their murderous work and collected their prisoners, left a war club in a conspicuous place near the block-house, which is their mode of letting their enemies know that war is begun, and is equal to a written declaration amongst civilized powers. The early rangers and border inhabitants well understood this signal. The war-club is a neat article of offence; it is made of very solid wood, the handle is curved, with a ball, the size of a four pound shot, firmly attached near one end, as seen below. It was brought away by the party who visited the place the next day, and was kept as a curiosity for some years at Campus Martius in Marietta.



As it was very doubtful whether the wounded Indian would live or die, lots were cast on the prisoners for one to be sacrificed as an offering to his spirit, and to fulfill their customary law of revenge. The lot fell upon Isaac Choate. He was immediately stripped of his own comfortable dress and habited in that of the wounded Mohawk, all clotted and soaked with blood, and loaded with a part of the plunder; while his own clothing was put on the disabled Indian. As he was now a devoted victim, he was not allowed to travel in company with the others, but was placed under the charge of two Indians, who kept him at a considerable distance on one of the flanks, but generally in sight of the main body. By careful attention to their disabled

companion, no civilized people being more kind than the warriors are to their disabled fellows, he finally recovered, and Choate's life was spared; had he died, his fatal doom was inevitable.

As soon as the distance and the short days would permit, the party reached the British post at the rapids of the Maumee. Soon after which, colonel McKee, the Indian agent at this place, redeemed Francis Choate from the Indians. It is said he was induced to this kind act from motives of humanity, and on account of his being a member of the fraternity of Free Masons. In a few days he was sent to Detroit, and embarking in a sloop, went down the lake to Niagara, and from thence, through New York, to his home in Leicester, Massachusetts, with the intention of raising money, return to Detroit, and refund the ransom. Isaac Choate was taken to Detroit by the Indians at the same time, and falling in with a citizen of that place who traded with them, persuaded him to pay the ransom demanded; at the same time promising to stay in Detroit and work at his trade, as a cooper, until he could refund the money. In a few months, by his activity and diligence, a sufficient amount of nice set-work pails were made and sold to refund the sum advanced. On his way down the lake, he passed Francis on his return to Detroit with money to redeem his pledge to McKee, while he by his own labor had accomplished the same object; he finally reached his home in Massachusetts, some time before his former companion in bondage got back. Thomas Shaw was detained by the Indians at the rapids for some months, when he was also redeemed by the famous colonel Brandt, without any expectation of its being refunded to him again. His name will be handed down to posterity with favor instead of disgust, by the well merited though tardy justice done him by colonel Stone, in his late biography of that distinguished Indian. No man has, perhaps, been more unjustly defamed by our own historians, as well as by the British poet, Campbell, in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, than has this brave and generous leader of the Iroquois. Shaw soon after went to Detroit and worked for some of the French farmers near that place at harvesting their grain, and earned a number of dollars by his labor. Colonel Brandt subsequently met with him at Detroit, and finding him a superior axe-man and well acquainted with clearing new lands, persuaded him to go down to a brother-in-law of his, a physician, living on a farm a few miles out from the fort, at Niagara. He gave him a letter of introduction to this man and also a pass or open letter to the commanders of the British posts, which he might find it necessary to visit in his voyage. He was sent down in the same schooner which took young Convers to Niagara, who had

also recently been rescued from a horrible captivity by the humanity and kindness of British officers, and a trader by the name of Riley. Shaw drew regular rations on his voyage down, and went out soon after with his letter to Brandt's brother-in-law. As it happened, he was away from home, but he was well pleased with the family, and it is probable he returned and finally settled in Canada, as he was never heard of afterwards. Young Philip Stacy died of sickness near the Rapids. The Indians were so well pleased with James Patten, who was a middle aged man, that they would not part with him, but adopted him into one of their families and retained him till Wayne's treaty, in the year 1795. They bored his nose and ears, habited and ornamented him like one of their own people, and generally treated him with kindness. The writer of this article was well acquainted with him at Marietta in the year 1809, where he wrought as a stone-mason, and examined the huge slits in his ears, which remained as lasting mementos of his former captivity.

Amidst all the blood-shed and gloom which darken these horrid atrocities of the Indians, and for many years kept our predecessors and fathers in a continual state of watchfulness and fear, there now and then appears a bright spot, like stars, in the opening clouds of a dreary night. The humanity displayed by many, if not all, the British officers amongst whom our prisoners were thrown, in the war of 1791, as well as in the preceding hostilities in Kentucky, as testified by Boon, Kenton, and others, deserves our notice and highest commendation. Colonel Convers testifies to the uniform kindness with which he was treated, and the utmost deference paid to his condition and wants at every British post which he visited, and they were several; their reception of him was not only humane, but kind and gentlemanly. Such conduct from the subjects of a nation whom we have too long been in the habit of considering as our enemies, cannot be too highly applauded, and should never be forgotten.

A. P. Witared

Honor.—A chief of the Five Nations who fought on the side of the English in the French wars, chanced to meet in battle his own father, who was fighting on the side of the French. Just as he was about to deal a deadly blow upon his head, he discovered who he was, and said to him, "You have once given me life, and now I give it to you. Let me meet you no more; for I have paid the debt I owed you."—*Drake's Indian Biography.*

EARLY EMIGRATION,

Or, The Journal of some Emigrant Families "across the Mountains," from New England to Muskingum, in 1788.

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BY DR. S. P. HILDRETH.
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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY PREPARATIONS.

Condition of New England—Magnanimity of Virginia and Connecticut—Ohio company's purchase and settlement—The family of John Rouse; his preparations described—The parting—Female attachment—Journey commenced—Captain Devoll's family described.

FOR several years after the close of the war of the revolution, the effects of that prolonged struggle had so deranged the order of business and wasted the substance of the larger portion of the people in the New England states, that many of them who had families knew not what to do to support themselves and children; or those who were single, and wished to enter into the marriage state, to devise ways and means whereby they might do so with any prospect of a comfortable subsistence; money was very scarce, commerce was at a low ebb, agriculture at a stand, and manufactures had not yet been thought of.

The government, as well as many individuals, was overwhelmed with debt. The depreciation of the scrip due from the United States was also very disheartening to its holders. During this period of gloom, the states of Virginia and Connecticut, with a magnanimity that should never be forgotten, ceded to the United States their claims to vast tracts of land north-west of the river Ohio; and soon after, congress began to make preparations for its sale. This event at once cheered the people, as it put into the hands of the government a fund that would redeem all their liabilities.

In the year 1787, an association of New Englanders, called "the Ohio Company," by their agents, Manassah Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, purchased a large tract of this land lying on the Muskingum and Ohio rivers, and commenced the settlement of it the following year. The first payment of five hundred thousand dollars was made in United States scrip, and materially aided in bringing up the price of it to par. This purchase gave a new impulse to the dormant powers of the New Englanders, and many of them entered eagerly into the project. Some bought shares, intending to settle on the land themselves; others with a view to profit and future speculation. Possession was taken of the new purchase on the 7th of April, 1788. During the summer, a number of the proprietors, with their families, moved over the mountains to the mouth of the Muskingum. A large portion of

these men had been officers in the then late war, and were well fitted, by the hardships and trials of that eventful period, to overcome and subdue the privations of the wilderness. Others, who were not proprietors, also came out; hoping to better their condition by the change. It was a long and weary road; across wide rivers, and over rugged mountains, a distance of eight hundred miles, and when it was accomplished, the way-worn travelers found themselves in the midst of a wilderness, surrounded by hostile savages; no smiling fields of grain to greet them with the promise of food, or even any cleared land for cultivation. The whole region was a thick forest—yet they had this to console them, which their forefathers, at Plymouth, had not—the soil was fertile, and they lived on the hope of plenty hereafter.

Amongst other families, who ventured on this long and perilous journey, from the granite soil of New England, in the year 1788, a year never to be forgotten in the annals of Ohio, were those of Mr. John Rouse and captain Jonathan Devoll. Before the period of the revolution, Mr. Rouse had followed the vocation of a whaler and seaman, from the port of New-Bedford, but that event put a stop to all pursuits of this kind. He was now living on a small farm, in the town of Rochester, Massachusetts, near the little harbor of Mattapoisett, a good old Indian name, which the people of this part of America, have taken more pains to perpetuate than those of any other. He was now near fifty years of age, but still possessed all the vigor of manhood peculiar to the people of that region. His family consisted of a wife and eight children—viz.: Michael, a stout young man of twenty-two years; Bathsheba, a young woman of nineteen; Elizabeth, seventeen; Cynthia, fifteen; Ruth, eleven; Stephen, six, and Robert and Barker, two fine boys that were twins, of the age of four years. Captain Jonathan Haskell, who also lived in Rochester, and had been an officer in the war, joined him in fitting out the expedition, and furnished a large covered wagon and two of the horses, and Mr. Rouse the other two. An active young man, named Cushing, who wished to settle in the west, was employed to drive the wagon. As the journey was a long one, they took as few articles, of beds, bedding and cooking utensils, as they could possibly do with on the road. Their clothing, and other goods, were packed in trunks and large wooden boxes, made to fit the inside of the wagon.

The parting scene, from their old neighbors at Mattepoisett, was one of much tenderness, accompanied with many hearty adieus and sincere prayers for their welfare on the journey, and their happiness in that far away and distant region. No one, at this day, can imag-

ine with what dread and awe a journey to the new territory, west of the Ohio, was then viewed by the simple-hearted people of New England—a removal, in 1843, to the mouth of the Columbia river would not be half so great an undertaking. The Americans were not a migrating people until after the period of the war of the revolution. Previous to that time, very few of the young men, and next to none of the married ones, left the homes of their forefathers, unless on some war expedition, or a voyage to the West Indies; after that event, the ties which bound them to their homes were apparently severed, and they soon became the most restless and wandering people on the civilized earth. A party of young ladies, on horseback, accompanied the females as far as "The Long-plain," which was a portion of the north end of the town of New Bedford, distant six miles from Mattempoisett harbor. Here they tarried for about a week amongst their kinsfolk and former neighbors; for at this place Mr. Rouse had lived many years, and here the larger portion of the children had been born.

The morning they left Mattempoisett, an interesting occurrence took place which, as it shows the strong attachment of the female heart to home, and to the relatives of that home, must not be forgotten: a rich old farmer, of that place, who had taken a great liking to Bathsheba, the oldest daughter, and was anxious for his son to obtain her for a wife, offered to give her by deed a nice farm and good dwelling house, if she would stay amongst them and not go with the family to the west. It was quite a temptation to her love of home; but her affection for her parents, sisters, and brothers was too great to forego the pleasure of their society, probably for the rest of her life, and the offer was declined, much to the sorrow of the generous old man who made it. The week flew rapidly away in social intercourse with their kindred, and the parting morning soon came—solemn and sorrowful were the greetings of that farewell hour. The distance was so great, and the dangers of the wilderness so many, that they all thought the parting was to be final as to this world; and so indeed it proved to the larger portion of them. Captain Haskell joined them that morning from Rochester, and early in October, 1788, they took their departure from "The Long-plain," and commenced their arduous journey to Muskingum, as the new settlement was then called.

Captain Joseph Cook, who had married a sister of Mrs. Rouse, and Edward Bennet, an old neighbor, accompanied them on horseback, as far as Providence. They traveled the first day about ten miles and put up at a place called "The Furnace," on the route to Rhode Island. They reached Providence the second day, at evening—at

this place they were joined by the family of captain Jonathan Devoll, composed of Mrs. Devoll and five children, viz: Sally, aged twelve years; Henry, ten; Charles, eight; Barker, five, and Francis, one year. Mrs. Nancy Devoll was the sister of Mrs. Rebecca Rouse. Her husband had been absent nearly a year, and was attached to the party of pioneers sent by the Ohio company, in the autumn previous. He was the naval architect of the "May-flower," which conveyed the first detachment of men from Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany, to the mouth of the Muskingum, and one of the first who landed the seventh of April, 1788, on the soil of the present state of Ohio. Their large covered wagon, with four horses, was fitted up in a similar style to the other, and was driven by Isaac Barker, an only brother of the married females. He was about thirty years of age, in the vigor of manhood, and had left a wife and family in Rochester, till he could return and bring them on the following year. He was one of the most lively and active young men of that period, which is saying a great deal, when all were inured to feats of hardihood, far before the men of the present day. Full of mirth and glee—with his lively sallies and cheerful songs he enlivened the dreary way, being always the most cheerful when in the greatest trouble. The writer of this article knew him for many years, and to the latest period of his life he still retained his innate love of fun.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY FROM PROVIDENCE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Journey to Hartford, Farmington, Litchfield, Ballsbridge, North river, Fishkill ferry, Newburgh, Warree, Newton, Hope, Oxford, Easton—Ferry—Buckwheat cakes—Bethlehem and the Moravians—Education—Rope ferry—Allentown, Coatstown, Reading, &c.—Manner of traveling—Captain Haskell's advice—Two girls and old women—Harrisburgh—Carlisle—Amusing mischief of Isaac Barker—Overtaken by uncle Daniel—Great joy and many enquiries—The movers reach the mountains.

THE following morning they left Providence, bidding adieu to their friends who had accompanied them from "The Long-plain," and to another sister, Mrs. Fish, who, with Tilnus Anay, a special and tried friend of captain Devoll, had attended his family from Howland's ferry, in Rhode Island, where they had lived for a number of years, thus far on their journey. From here, by easy stages, they traveled to Hartford, Connecticut, by which time the depression of spirits, from their parting adieus, had begun to abate, and the young folks to look about them for amusements to shorten the tedium of the way: while resting at this place, an incident occurred which pleased the girls greatly. A dashing young country beau, dressed in the height of the fashion, came bustling into the bar-room, where they were sitting, with ruffles over his hands; but withal, both ruffles and hands were

very dirty. He called for a bowl of hot punch, and offered a drink of it to Betsy, who happened to please his fancy, without tendering it to either of the other girls. This episode, with some other little matters and the towns they passed through on the road, served them for subjects of talk for some days.

From the Connecticut river they passed on through Farmington, Litchfield and Ballsbridge, to the North river. This stream, to the eye of inexperienced travelers, presents a formidable barrier, being nearly two miles wide. But the ingenuity of man had, even at that day, rendered it comparatively safe, by the use of large sail boats, so constructed, as to take in and discharge teams with tolerable facility; though the horses were usually separated from the wagons. It was now crossed a few miles above West Point, at Fishkill, and the travelers landed in safety at Newburgh, much to the joy of the females. This was, for many years after, the crossing place and the route for emigrants from New England to the Ohio river. After re-adjusting their baggage, they went on to Blooming-grove, ten miles, and passed the night—a tavern was here kept by one Goldsmith.

From thence the road turned a little more southerly, leading them through Chester to the little village of Warwick. The next day they crossed the line between New York and New Jersey to Newton, in the latter state; and from here, through by Sussex court-house, or the "Log Jail," as it was then often called, Hope and Oxford, to Easton, at the forks of the Delaware. They crossed this fine stream in a large flat boat, and were now in Pennsylvania. The following night was passed at a farm house, not far from the town. The owner was of German descent and kept above a hundred hives of bees. The travelers were regaled on the provincial dish of buckwheat cakes, and honey. This was a rare article of diet to the females, and eaten with a high relish, after the fatigues of the journey. The cakes were a new dish, as they had been brought up in a region where this grain was rarely cultivated—their main bread-stuff being furnished from Indian corn and rye, so natural to the climate of New England.

The next day they passed through Bethlehem, a noted Moravian town, built at an early day on the Lehigh. Here the children were much amused at the sight of a tame bear, and some pet deer, which belonged to the Moravians. They also saw the young females just coming out of school. Their dress was a short gown and petticoat, while their heads were covered with little, snug, white linen caps, giving them a very neat appearance. The school for boys was kept entirely distinct, and no intercourse allowed between the sexes, except through the intervention of their teachers. This was another

new feature in their policy, at least to the New Englanders; where the schools were composed of boys and girls, promiscuously mingled, not only under the same roof, but in the same classes. The Bethlehem seminary, for young females, was becoming quite celebrated, and was patronised by many southern men, who sent their daughters here to be educated. It was one of the earliest schools for the instruction of females, established in America. On leaving this neat, pleasant, and well built village they crossed the Lehigh, by a rope ferry, which was the first of the kind they had seen. The road next led them through Allentown, Cootstown and Reading. The latter was a place of considerable size, and seated on the Schuylkill river. It was crossed then by a ferry, but a few years after the stream was spanned by a bridge with stone arches. They were now in the midst of a rich, fertile, and thickly settled country. The broad fields of wheat, whose tender blades had just risen from the earth and coated over the dusky furrows with a rich mantle of green, with the immense barns, yet overflowing with the productions of the last harvest, filled the travelers with admiration. The angular rail fences and broad enclosures, when contrasted with their own stone walls and contracted fields, afforded another theme of remark.

The journey, thus far, had been attended with no very striking events. The inhabitants, through whose country they passed, treated them with civility, and sometimes, kindly. Their manner of living, on the road, was of the simplest and most economical nature. Their bread, butter, milk and meat, were bought from the stores, taverns, or farm-houses, as they best could procure them near the road, and the cooking was done after the journey of the day was over, in the evening. This labor fell upon the girls, who prepared food for the next day after the supper was eaten and the children asleep. The married females had their full share of trouble with the younger children, and in overseeing the work of the girls. Their beds were spread on the floors of the houses where they tarried, while a part of the men slept in the wagons to protect them from pilferers.

In making the arrangements for cooking and stowing away the children at night, captain Haskell's advice was very useful. He had been an old soldier, and had learned to be systematic as well as obedient. He showed Bathsheba and Betsy how to stow away the childrens' clothes, at night, under the base of the chairs, which were turned down on the floor to support the heads of the beds. By this precaution they avoided the confusion that had attended the dressing operations of the little ones for several mornings past. One had missed a shoe, another a sock, and so on, till the whole room was

in an uproar to find the misplaced article. They had also often experienced trouble at many of the houses, in procuring vessels to cook in, when their own scanty supply was all in use. Learning this difficulty, and thinking the girls were too modest in their applications to the cook, or the landlady, he directed them, when they needed any thing of this kind, to step into the kitchen, and looking around, take hold at once of the pot or kettle they needed, saying at the same time, "Madam, I will thank you for the use of this vessel for a few minutes," and march directly out with it. Few persons, he said, would refuse such an application—who would deny a more modest request. There was knowledge of human nature in his remark. They ate but two regular meals a day—one before starting in the morning, and another at evening: at these, the men and females used tea, or coffee, and the children milk—at noon, while the horses were fed, they took a cold bite in their wagons. Journeying is a hungry business, and man, woman, and child, possessed enormous appetites.

It was the practice of the younger girls, especially Cynthia Rouse and Sally Devoll, who were near of an age, to visit back and forth from wagon to wagon, in the course of the day, as they moved slowly along. Their favorite seat was in front, where they could see what was going on before them, and get the first view of every new object. They were both fine singers, especially Sally, and full of life and spirits. Many were the cheerful songs and sprightly lays they daily caroled forth, in fine weather, to the great delight of their uncle Isaac, if not to the elder females. The day they passed Reading, they were perched up in this way, in Isaac's wagon, chatting and looking out for fun, when, as they drove up into the stable-yard, where the horses were fed, they burst into one of their wildest laughs at the sight of two honest old German women busily employed in swingling, or, as they called it, skutchelling flax. It is a kind of work, which, in New England, is always done by the men, but in the German portion of Pennsylvania, this, with much other out-of-door work, is as invariably done by females. It was the first time they had seen it performed by women, and seemed to them so ridiculous, that their mothers could not check their risibility till they had enjoyed a hearty laugh. The old women were quite vexed to be thus made a subject of sport, and, in quite an angry tone, told them, as they were going to the back woods, it was more than likely that, before they died, they would have to skutchel flax themselves, in that wilderness country. The girls remembered this retort, and were a little more quiet for a while.

At that period, Reading was much larger than Harrisburgh, and had within it a number of dry goods stores. Here they purchased several articles, such as coffee, sugar, and some dry-goods, it being the last town this side the mountains where they could buy merchandise to advantage. At length, near the last of October, they reached the broad rippling water of the Susquehanna, at the then little village of Harrisburgh. The stream looked formidable, but proved to be low and shallow, so that the wagons crossed safely by fording. Harrisburgh was laid off for a town in 1786, only two years before the period of this journey, and was just begining to assume the appearance of a new settlement. Fresh cut stumps were yet standing in the streets, and the houses were chiefly built of logs. The scite was formerly called Louisburgh. It is now, and has been for many years, the seat of government for Pennsylvania, with a population of eight or ten thousand.

The next stage of thirteen miles brought them to the town of Carlisle. It was a place of some importance, and had been a military station during the late war, containing a range of well-built brick barracks, several stores, and quite a number of good dwelling houses. It has since become the seat of Dickenson college, with a population of as many thousands as it then had hundreds.

While the horses were resting here an hour or two, the married females, who had always been accustomed to sit at a comfortable table before commencing this weary pilgrimage, had become tired of the campaigning manner of eating to which they had lately been subjected, and determined for once to buy a comfortable meal at the tavern. Isaac, who was always fond of a change, approved the plan highly. A nice dinner was prepared of beef-steaks, short biscuit, toast, coffee, &c. When all was ready, and smoking hot on the table, and the women and girls in the act of sitting down, Isaac snatched up the plates of steak and toast, one in each hand, and rushed out of the house, with his two sisters, alternately pleading and scolding, at his heels. After running two or three times round the house, and when the food had become quite cold, he replaced it, with one of his boisterous laughs, on the table. The poor wearied females at length sat down to their meal with their keen relish greatly impaired by the untimely mischief of their brother Isaac. From boyhood he had been inveterately attached to all kinds of amusing mischief, especially with his sisters. One day, when he was about twelve years old and his sister Nancy sixteen, he was hoeing corn near the house—she had just came into possession of a nice new white silk bonnet and shawl. To punish her for some offence, he went slyly into her room, put her

fine bonnet on his head, and shawl over his shoulders, and sallied out to his work. He had to peep round under the edge of the bonnet for some time to ascertain whether his sister saw him. When she first caught sight of him from the window, great was her alarm and consternation at the danger of her new finery, for it began to sprinkle a little rain. She dare not give him chase and recover them by rapidity of foot and her own personal strength, although uncommonly active and strong, lest he should run through the bushes and utterly ruin them. Finally, after consulting her mother, she let him alone, and he, in a little time, brought them back, unharmed, himself. From boyhood to manhood he had ever been possessed with a spirit of fun and mischief. He had not a particle of malice in his composition; his heart was feeling, and his disposition kind—but such a love of frolic possessed his whole soul, that he could not resist any opportunity of indulging it. By the way, he was constantly cracking his jokes with all he met, and drawing sport out of every incident—with such a companion no one could be low spirited long, and his continual flow of animation and good humor, soon atoned for the little tricks played off on his companions.

The evening after they left Carlisle, at a place called the "Big-spring," they were overtaken by an old acquaintance and neighbor, who was also on his way to Muskingum, with his family. He had started about the time the others had done, with an ox team of three yokes, and by dint of steady and late driving, had managed to keep within a day's march of them, and here, by making a little extra exertion, he overtook them. He was a stout, upright man, with a tremendous Roman nose, and portly front, past the middle age, being about fifty years old. But his natural force was not abated, nor his spirits any depressed, by the few gray hairs that began to appear about his temples. He had been out to the west, the autumn before, and had returned in the summer to move out his family. Ox teams were preferred to horses, by many of the early New England emigrants, in their long journeys to the new purchase. Probably one reason for this was, their greater familiarity with their use as beasts of draught. Another was, that they were much better suited to work amongst stumps and logs, and were also much less likely to be stolen by the Indians. Their rate of travel was a little slower than that of the horse, but they could make about twenty miles a day, where the roads were good.

Great was the joy of the females at the sight of the old man—"Why uncle Daniel, uncle Daniel, is that you?" "Oh yes, what there is left of me." "Why, you can't think how glad we are to see you!"

"Well, uncle Daniel, a'nt we half way to Muskingum yet?" "Not quite, the longest and worst half is to come." "And when we do get there, what kind of houses shall we have to live in?" "Why, they will be made of logs; a gang of fifteen or twenty men will get together, cut down the trees and divide them into suitable lengths, notch the ends, and, with skids, roll them up into cabins. Then they will put on a roof of oak shingles, without nails; the cracks between the logs will be filled in with chunks, and mortar made of clay; so that the bigger the hole, the more of the mud." "Oh we can never live in such dirty pens." "Never you mind that till you try, for after all they are right comfortable houses." In this way they passed many of the following evenings with uncle Daniel, asking questions about Ohio. The horses out-traveled his oxen by day, but before he put up at night, he always overtook them and stopped at the same house.

The fore part of November, the pilgrims of the west reached the foot of the mountain ranges, and commenced the ascent of those rocky barriers which divide the sources of the Susquehanna river from those which fall into the Ohio. They are composed of several parallel ranges, which have received names from their first explorers, generally indicative of some prominent feature in their appearance.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO THE YOHIOGANY.

Mountain roads—Dangers and difficulties—Generosity of a Dunkard—Isaac Barker's difficulty with an inn-keeper—Bedford—Mountains—Pack horses—Courage of Mrs. Devoll—A dreary evening's travel—Descent of the western slope—The glades of Laurel hill—Chestnut ridge and wild beasts—They reach Simrel's ferry.

The roads, at that day, across the mountains were the worst we can possibly imagine—cut into deep gullies on one side by mountain rains, while the other was filled with blocks of sand-stone. The descents were abrupt, and often resembled the breaks in a flight of stone stairs, whose lofty steps were built for the children of Titan rather than the sons of men. As few of the emigrant wagons were provided with lock-chains for the wheels, the downward impetus was checked by a large log, or broken tree top, tied with a rope to the back of the wagon and dragged along on the ground. In other places, the road was so sideling that all the men who could be spared were required to pull at the side stays, or short ropes attached to the upper side of the wagons, to prevent their upsetting. By dividing their forces with Isaac, they made out to prevent any serious accidents of this kind, although it seemed many times impossible to prevent it. The ground, naturally moist and springy on the sides of the

mountains, was now rendered very muddy and wet by the November rains, which had began to fall almost daily. As they approached the middle and higher ranges, the rain was changed to snow and sleet, which added still more to the difficulties and dreariness of the way. From the weight of the loaded wagons and the abrupt acclivities of the road, it fell to the lot of the women and children to walk up all the steep ascents—it being beyond the power of the horses to pull their additional weight up many of the sharp pitches of the mountains. In climbing these "hills of difficulty," the children often stuck by the way, or lost their shoes in the mud, occasioning a world of trouble to the elder girls, to whose share it fell to look after the welfare of the little ones.

After crossing the "Blue mountain," the "Middle," and the "Tuscarora mountain," late one Saturday evening they descended into the "Awhick valley," and Mr Rouse's family put up at the house of an honest German Dunkard, named Christian Hiples; while the other two teams put up at an old tavern stand, well known to the early pack-horsemen, and borderers of that region. This was a quiet and tolerably fertile valley, environed by mountains. In it was seated old "Fort Littleton," and, under the protection of its walls, had sprung up, many years ago, quite a thriving settlement, with a number of fine plantations. All this part of the country, and as far east as Carlisle, had been, about twenty-five years before, depopulated by the depredations of the Indians. Many of the present inhabitants well remembered those days of trial, and could not see these helpless women and children moving so far away into the wilderness as Ohio, without expressing their fears at the danger they would incur from the deadly hate of the Indians. Although it was then apparently a time of peace, and they felt themselves in a manner safe on this account, yet it was but a few years after that these same women and children were trembling at the war-whoop of the savage, around their own doors, and were exposed to all the dangers of a horrid Indian war. They tarried over the Sabbath, and the following Monday, under the hospitable roof of this Christian Dunkard—whose long white beard, reaching to the waist, greatly excited the curiosity of the children. His family consisted of several young women, who treated the way-faring females with great kindness; heating their huge out-of-door oven for them, and assisting them in the baking of a large batch of bread for the journey, with many other acts of true Christian charity. On Tuesday morning, when they departed, they loaded them with potatoes, and vegetables from their garden, as many as they would venture to carry, without making any charge. They

parted from them with many prayers and good wishes for their welfare on the road, and happy termination of their long and perilous journey. The inhabitants generally treated them kindly, and the farther they advanced into the confines of the wilderness, and left the older settlements, the more hospitality abounded. They received them more readily into their houses, and more willingly assisted them with their cooking utensils, or any other thing they possessed or the wayfarers needed.

While the travelers, in Mr. Rouse's wagon, were treated so kindly by the good Dunkards, Isaac, who was excitable and very headstrong, met with rather rough usage from the hand of the old inn-keeper with whom he put up. This man had been a great bruiser, in his younger days, at fisty-cuffs, and had lost one eye in some of these frays; a thing not at all uncommon amongst the early borderers. He was naturally a rough man, and the loss of his eye added still more to his ferocious appearance. It seems that the old man had placed the rounds of the rack, in his stable, so close together that it was next to impossible for the horses to pull any of the hay through, so that although there was plenty before them, they were none the better for it. Isaac could not stand quietly by and say nothing, when his hard working horses needed their food so much; and then to pay for that they did not eat besides. He remonstrated with the landlord on the matter, but received only abuse for his pains. After paying back a little of the same coin, he fell to work and broke out every other round. The old fellow then fell upon Isaac, determined to give him a sound beating; but in this he was sadly mistaken and got very roughly handled himself. The horses, however, got plenty of hay, and Isaac told him he should be back again in the spring, and if he found the slats replaced, he would give him another and still sounder threshing. This adventure amused uncle Daniel greatly, who had been both a sailor and a soldier in the late war, and was fond of such sport; besides it was a mere act of justice for the benefit of future travelers who might stop at the old fellow's house.

Three days after leaving the quiet valley of honest Christian Hiples, with much exertion and many narrow escapes from oversetting, they reached the little village of Bedford. During this period they had crossed "Sideling hill," forded some of the main branches of the Juniata, and threaded the narrow valleys along its borders. Every few miles long strings of pack-horses met them on the road, bearing heavy burthens of peltry and ginseng, the two main articles of export from the regions west of the mountains. Others overtook them loaded with kegs of spirits, salt, and bales of dry goods, on their way to the

traders in Pittsburgh. The fore-horse generally carried a small bell, which distinguished him as the leader. One man had the charge of ten horses, which was as many as he could manage by day, and look after at night. For many years this was the manner in which nearly all the transportation was done over the mountains. The roads were partly impassable for wagons till near the close of the Indian war, in 1795.

After passing so many difficult places, and finding they had not actually turned over the wagons, Mrs. Devoll began to have a little more courage. Isaac, who drove her wagon, whenever they came to a dangerous place would stop the team and say, "Now, sister Nancy, here is a very bad spot, and it is more than likely the wagon will upset; hadn't you better get out and walk a while?" "I don't know, let me see:"—so rising up on her elbow, in the front of the wagon, she would take a survey of the difficulty, and unless it was uncommonly bad she would say, "I guess I'll venture it," and then lay down again.

One of their greatest trials was in crossing the Alleghany mountain. Four miles beyond Bedford, the road to the right was called the "Pittsburgh road," while that to the left was called the "Glade road," and led to Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany river. This was the route of the emigrants, and led, as well as the other, across the Alleghany. In passing this formidable barrier, our travelers were belated; and it was nearly midnight before they reached the house where they were to lodge. The night was excessively dark; the whole party, except the younger children, were on foot, and could only keep the path by feeling the bushes along the sides of the road. It so happened that Michael, and captain Haskell, who was their only guide, had gone ahead with the other wagon, and was entirely beyond hail; leaving Isaac, with Mr. Rouse and all the females, to pick their way along the miry road in the best manner they could. In the midst of all this gloom, the spirits of the former never flagged in the least; but the more difficulties increased the louder he sung, and some of his most cheerful and funny ditties were echoed that night from the rocky side of the Alleghany. Mr. Rouse, who had been an old whaler, and often exposed to winds and storms, could not stand the trudging along, ankle deep, in the mud and dark, without venting his feelings in many a hearty curse on the vexations of the night. When about a mile from the house, they were unexpectedly cheered at hearing the lively whistle of Michael; and directly after, in a turn of the road, espied the light of a lantern, brought by captain Haskell, who had returned, after putting up his

own team, to meet the stragglers and guide them on the way. A bright fire was blazing on the hearth of the little log inn, the warmth and sparkling of which soon restored their spirits. It was past midnight before they had cooked and eaten their suppers and spread their couches on the puncheon floor of the hut. The fatigues of the journey caused them to sleep very soundly, and they awoke the next morning with fresh courage to meet the trials of the day now before them.

In descending the Alleghany, the children and girls were much delighted at seeing the sides of the road covered with the vivid green leaves and bright scarlet berries of the "Partridge bush," or "Checkerberry." It was a common fruit at "The Long-plain," and the sight of it reminded them of their homes and the scenes they had just left in their "fader-land." For a while the little boys forgot the fatigues of the road at the sight of this favorite fruit, and cheered each other, with joyous shouts, as fresh patches from time to time appeared by the side of the way. Even the married females were exhilarated by the cheerful spirits exhibited by the children, and partook freely of the spicy fruit which they collected in large handfulls. As they descended the western slope of the Alleghany, the springs of limpid water, which gushed fresh and pure from the earth along the sides of the mountain, now run babbling along to join their puny rills with those of the Ohio. This range is the dividing ridge between the eastern and the western streams, which circumstance was of itself a cheering fact, as the travelers could now see the waters which flowed towards the end of their journey.

After reaching the foot of this picturesque range, they had to cross a region called "The Glades." It is an elevated plateau, which, in many points, bears a strong resemblance to the prairies of the west. The soil is dark colored, thinly coated with trees, and covered with coarse grass. The streams abounded in trout; and, during the summer months, in later years, this region is visited by the valetudinarian from more southern climes, for the benefit of the pure, bracing air, and limped water of this elevated spot. From the rains, which now daily fell, the road had become very muddy, and the traveling slow and heavy. In crossing "Laurel ridge," which bounds the western side of the glades, and so named from the profusion of *Rhododendron*, or *Rosebay*, and *Kalmia latifolia*, or *Laurel*, which clusters along its rocky sides, the girls and older boys had to walk the whole distance. The labor was the more difficult from the ground being covered with snow, which had fallen, to the depth of several inches, on the sides and top of the ridge, during the last twenty-four hours; while

at the same time it had been raining in the valley, or table land, between the ranges. The bushes were bent down by the weight of the snow, and partly obstructed the path; so that long before they got over, their shoes were saturated with water, and their clothes were dribbled and wet, half leg high. The "boxberries" still showed their bright scarlet faces, peeping out beneath the snow and ice, as large as common red cherries. At the western foot of the ridge, their road was crossed by a stream too deep for them to ford; and the girls, being several miles ahead of the wagons, whose progress was very slow, were much rejoiced to find a cabin in which they could rest until the teams came up. The rendezvous for the night was beyond the creek, as this was the only place where they could get feed for their horses. While waiting at this spot, a stout young mountaineer, clad in his hunting frock and leggins, came dashing along on a powerful horse, and very kindly, as well as gallantly, offered to take the girls over the stream, if they would trust themselves behind him on the horse, and conduct them safely to the house where they were to stop. But his uncouth dress and their own natural timidity made them decline the offer, choosing rather to wait the arrival of their friends. Just at dark they came up, and taking them into the wagons, they crossed the stream more to their own liking, if not more safely than under the charge of the young mountaineer.

The following day they crossed "Chestnut ridge," the last of the mountain ranges. This chain is so named from the immense forests of chestnut trees that clothe its sides and summit, for nearly the whole of its extent in Pennsylvania and part of Virginia. The soil is sandy and rocky; and so exactly adapted to the growth of this tree, that no part of the world produces it more abundantly. In fruitful years, the hogs, from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, were driven by the inhabitants, every autumn, to fatten on its fruit. Bears, wild turkies, elk and deer, traveled from afar to this nut-producing region, and luxuriated on its bountiful crop. The congregation of wild animals, on this favored tract, made it one of the most celebrated hunting grounds, not only for the Indians, but also for the white man, who succeeded him in the possession of these mountain regions. The children here loaded their little pockets with chestnuts, and for a while forgot the pinching cold of the half frozen leaves and frost covered burrs amongst which they were scattered. Not long after crossing this ridge they reached Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany river. They hailed this spot with delight, as they were to travel no farther in their wagons, but finish the journey by water. They were

also glad on an other account; two of the horses had been failing for some days, and were now near giving out, and, in fact, died before reaching Buffalo.

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CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO THE MUSKINGUM.

Preparation for the voyage—Descent to Pittsburgh—An accident there—A pilot hired—Great danger in a storm—Camp on the Indian side—Singular good fortune of the pilot—Incident at Buffalo—Arrival at Muskingum—Captain Devoll's hearty welcome to his family

It was now near the last of November, and winter fast approaching. Here they found Benjamin Slocumb and family, just arrived from Massachusetts, and going to Muskingum. Uncle Daniel took passage with him, and parted, for the present, with his old companions. In a short time a boat was procured, as they were kept ready made for the use of emigrants. The one they bought was about forty feet long and twelve feet wide, but without any roof, as they could not wait for it to be finished. On board of this they put their wagons, and contrived to make a temporary shelter with their linen covers. The horses were sent by land, across the country, to Buffalo, a small village on the Ohio river, at the mouth of Buffalo creek, distant by this route only fifty-three miles from the ferry, but more than a hundred by water. This was a common practice with the early emigrants, as the water of the Yohiogany was too shallow in autumn to float a boat drawing over eighteen or twenty inches. At Buffalo they had the Ohio river to float on, and the horses could be taken on board without danger of grounding. In the stern of the boat was a rude fire-place for cooking, and their beds were spread on the floor of the ark.

After laying in a stock of food, they pushed merrily out into the current of the "Yoh," as it was familiarly called by all the borderers of that region, and floated rapidly along, sometimes grazing on the shallows, and at others grounding on the sandbars. By dint of rowing and pushing they made out to get on; especially after falling into the larger current of the Monongahela, and reached Pittsburgh in safety on Sunday evening. They were now at the junction of these two noble streams, the Alleghany and Monongahela, and saw the waters of the charming Ohio, the object of all their toils; and were, apparently, at the end of their journey. Near the point of land where the Ohio first takes its name, they landed their uncouth and unwieldy water-craft, making it fast to a stake on the bank. It was late in the afternoon, and the men went up into the town to purchase some articles needed to make the families comfortable in their downward voyage. Pittsburgh then contained four or five hundred inhabitants,

several retail stores, and a small garrison of troops was kept up in Old Fort Pitt. To our travelers, who had lately seen nothing but trees and rocks, with here and there a solitary hut, it seemed to be quite a large town. The houses were chiefly built of logs, but now and then one had begun to assume the appearance of neatness and comfort.

Captain Haskell and Mr. Rouse, for some cause now forgotten, did not return to lodge in the boat, but staid at the tavern; Michael, Isaac, and Cushing had gone over-land with the horses, so that the women and children were left alone in the boat. In the middle of the night, one of the older boys was awakened by the water coming into his bed on the floor. He immediately raised an out-cry, and, in the midst of the darkness, bustle, and confusion of the moment, they found the boat was half leg deep in the water. Great was the consternation of the older females, who thought, not without reason, that they must all be drowned. It so happened that the water was not very deep where the boat was moored, and as the gunwales rested on the bottom, at the depth of two or three feet, it could sink no further. This disaster was occasioned by the falling of the river, during the night; the land side of the boat rested on the shore, while the outer corner settled in the stream until the water run through the seams in the planking above the gunwale—being badly caulked. They hurried on shore as fast as they could. A kind hearted man, by the name of Kilbreath, whose house stood on the bank near the boat, heard the screams of the children, and taking a light came to their assistance. He invited them all up to his house and provided them lodgings by a good warm fire; he then called some men to his aid, and, before morning, got the wet articles out of the boat, and assisted the females in drying them. When Mr. Rouse and captain Haskell came back, in the morning, they were much chagrined at the accident; as, had they been on board, they thought it could have been prevented. The next morning Mr. Kilbreath gave them all a nice warm breakfast, and, like the good Samaritan, would take nothing but their grateful thanks for his trouble. Having bailed out the boat and got her once more afloat, they reloaded their household goods, got on board a stock of provisions, and prepared to renew their voyage in the course of the day.

It so happened that there was an old trapper and hunter by the name of Bruce, who was familiar with the river, just ready to start down stream in a large canoe, or pereauger, on a trapping expedition for the winter, on some of the more southern waters; him they engaged for a pilot, as was the custom in those early days, although

there was but little or no danger from the intricacy of the channel. His canoe was about forty feet long, and had on board a barrel of flour, some fat bacon, four beaver traps, a camp kettle, two tin cups, and a light axe. These, with his rifle, blanket, and ammunition, formed his stock for the winter. The canoe was lashed alongside the boat, and he came on board as pilot.

It was near the middle of the afternoon, on Monday, when they put out from Pittsburgh. The day had been cloudy and threatened rain from the south. Just at evening the wind shifted to the north-west and blew quartering across the bend of the river in which they were then floating. It soon rose to a complete gale, and knocked up such a sea, as threw the crests of the waves over the side of the boat, threatening to upset, if not to sink, the unwieldy craft. In this dilemma, the pilot and all hands exerted their utmost at the oars, to bring the boat to land on the "Federal," or Pennsylvania shore; but the wind and the waves were both adverse. The boat could have been landed on the right, or "Indian shore," but they feared to do so, lest in the night they should fall into the hands of the Indians; who, although it was apparently a time of peace, yet robbed the boats and killed the straggling whites at every favorable opportunity. The large pereauger bounded and thumped against the side of the boat, threatening to break in the planks, and was cut loose by the hand of the pilot. In this extremity, when every fresh wave threatened to overwhelm them, Bruce cried out to his shipmates, in a voice that was easily heard above the storm, "We must put over to the Indian shore, or every man, woman, and child will be lost!" Previous to this, the more feeble portion of the passengers had kept tolerably quiet, although exceedingly alarmed; but this announcement, to the women and children, sounded like their death knell, and the boat was instantly filled with their screams of despair. Captain Haskell, who had been accustomed to perils of various kinds, and was a man of iron nerves, did what he could to calm their terrors. He kept spitting with great energy every second, being a habit he had acquired in boyhood, exclaiming each time, "No danger," "no danger," while his pale visage and blanched lips betrayed the workings of the mind within. Bruce, who was in fact a skillful pilot, as well as a brave man, instantly laid the bow of the boat over to the "Indian shore." The wind and the waves both favored the movement, and with a little aid from the oars, she, in a few minutes, was riding in safety under a high point of land, which sheltered them from the wind, in comparatively quiet water.

The sudden transition from the jaws of death to this tranquil
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haven, filled the hearts of the females with songs of gratitude; and the boat was hardly moored to the bank before they sprung on to the land, rejoiced once more to tread the solid earth, although it was the dreaded "Indian shore." Bruce soon kindled a fire, by the side of a large fallen tree, and setting up some forked sticks and poles, stretched some blankets across, in such a way as to make a rude tent. Beneath this shelter they spread their beds, choosing rather to risk the chance of an attack from Indians than to trust themselves on the water again that night. From the hunting camp of some whitemen, whose smoke the pilot had noticed just before the storm came on, he procured a fine fat saddle of venison, and the whole party feasted with cheerful hearts, that evening, on the nice steaks of this delicious meat—some they broiled on the coals, while Bruce showed them how to roast it, hunter fashion, on a hickory skewer filled full of pieces and stuck up in the earth before the fire; this, with a cup of hot coffee, furnished a very comfortably meal. They slept undisturbed that night; though, ever and anon, the sighing of the winds in the tops of the trees led the more timid of the females to fancy they heard the stealthy approach of Indians.

In the morning, the ground was covered with snow, to the depth of several inches, which had fallen while they were asleep. The day following the storm, was fine and pleasant, and the smooth, calm surface of the Ohio exhibited a striking contrast to the tumult and uproar which had agitated its bosom only a few hour before. From Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of the Beaver, to the new settlement at Muskingum, no whiteman had dared to plant himself on the "Indian shore" of the river, with the exception of a small blockhouse, a few miles below Buffalo, which some hunters had built as a place to which they might retreat if attacked by their enemies, while out hunting in the region west of the river. Even here there was little or no clearing, all else was unbroken wilderness. They embarked early in the morning and reached Buffalo that evening. In the course of the forenoon they found the pereauger of Bruce, lodged on the shore and filled with water. It still contained the barrel of flour, meat, axe, &c., with all the traps but one. The buoyancy of the light poplar wood, of which it was made, prevented it from sinking, and the ballast of the traps, axe, &c., from upsetting; so that, quite unexpectedly, the old trapper recovered his boat and goods, which he had given up as utterly lost. At Buffalo, they were greeted with the loud laugh and boisterous welcome of Isaac, who, with Michael and Shaw, had been waiting one or two days, with the horses, for their arrival

The women and children, still impressed with dread lest another storm should overtake them, concluded to lodge on shore, and accordingly took quarters, for the night, on the floor of a small log hut that stood on the extremity of the point of land at the mouth of Buffalo creek. In the morning, Mrs. Devoll came nigh losing a part of her bedding. A gaily ornamented new woollen blanket had attracted the attention of Mrs. Riley, the mistress of the cabin, as it lay spread over the sleepers in the night, and, in the hurry and bustle of rolling up the bed clothes, she adroitly managed to secrete it amongst her own bedding, stowed away in the corner of the room. Mrs. Devoll soon missed it; and, after a careful but fruitless search among her own things, did not hesitate to accuse the woman of secreting it. She roundly denied any knowledge of the blanket. Being a resolute woman, and determined not to give it up in this way, she made an overhauling of Mrs. Riley's goods and chattels, when, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the border woman, she pulled out the lost article, rolled up in her dingy bedding. Thinking they had recovered all the missing goods they hurried aboard their boat, at the exciting call of Isaac, who was all ready to depart, and in no very good humor with the hospitality of Mrs. Riley. At Wheeling, where they stopped for some milk, they discovered, much to their vexation, that they had also lost a nice new two quart measure, which they had brought all the way with them for the purpose of measuring the milk they should need to purchase on the road. In a few years after this adventure, during the Indian war, this family of Rileys, who still lived in the same spot, were all massacred by the savages.

At Grave creek they took on board a stout, hearty old man, as a passenger, by the name of Green, who, in addition to Bruce and their own crew, by taking turns at the oars and rowing all night, with the music of Isaac and the old man, who proved to be an excellent singer, they made out to reach the mouth of Muskingum, just at dark, on Thursday evening, the fourth day after leaving Pittsburgh. Ice had been making in the Ohio, for the last twenty four hours, and the travelers were fortunate in arriving as they did, for the following morning the Muskingum river was frozen over from shore to shore. Great was the consternation of Mrs. Rouse, who had an instinctive dread of Indians, at seeing the woods and side hill, back of Fort Harmer, lighted up with a multitude of fires, when she was told they were the camp fires of three hundred savages. They had come in to a treaty, which was held the ninth of January following. It was the fore part of December, and the emigrants had been more than eight

weeks on the road. The news of their arrival was soon carried to Campus Martius, the name of the new garrison.

Captain Devoll hurried on board, delighted once more to embrace his wife and children, from whom he had been absent more than a year. Their goods and chattels were put into the "Mayflower," which was used as a receiving boat, for the emigrants, and with the women and children, landed at the Ohio company's wharf. Captain Devoll had built a comfortable two story house, in one of the curtains of the garrison, to which all were removed that night, and his happy family slept once more under their own roof—but in the far distant region of the "Northwest Territory."

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

Settlement of Belprie—Troubles of the settlers—First school in Ohio—Biographical sketch of all the movers—Sudden death of Mr. Rouse—Conclusion.

THE following spring, a company or association was formed, of about forty men, to commence a settlement fourteen miles below, on the right bank of the Ohio, afterwards called Belprie, or Pleasant Meadow. Captain Devoll, Mr. Rouse, Michael, captain Haskell and Isaac, joined this association. The latter returned to New England, and moved out his family in the fall 1789. In the winter of 1791, by the time the settlers were about to begin to reap a little of the fruits of their hard labor, in clearing land, building cabins, &c., the Indian war broke out and they were all driven into garrison, for the five following years. Many were the dangers and hardships they here endured. Their greatest suffering was from the small-pox and putrid sore throat, or scarlatina maligna. Mrs. Rouse's children were all down with it, and Mrs. Devoll lost Henry, in his thirteenth year, and Francis, in his fourth, by this terrible scourge.

In the summer of 1790, Bathsheba Rouse taught a school of young boys and girls, at Belprie, which is believed to be the first school of white children ever assembled within the bounds of the present state of Ohio. The Moravian missionaries had Indian schools at Gnadenhutten and Shoenbrun, on the Tuscarawas, as early as the year 1779, eleven years before this time. She also taught, for several successive summers, within the walls of "Farmers' Castle," the name of the stout garrison built by the settlers, sixteen miles below Marietta.

After the close of the war the colonists moved out on to their farms, and several of the first families in this part of the state were sheltered within the bounds of "Farmers' Castle." Mr. Rouse and

family remained in Belprie. Michael died a bachelor. Stephen and Barker married and settled there also. Bathsheba married, soon after the close of the war, Richard the son Griffen Greene, Esq., one of the Ohio company agents and a leading man in all public affairs, and became the mother of three sons and two daughters. Cynthia married the Hon. Paul Fearing, the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest territory, and for many years a judge of the court. Elizabeth married Levi Barber, Esq., for many years receiver of public monies, and member of Congress, for this district during two sessions. The children of these emigrant females, for wealth and respectability, rank amongst the first of our citizens. Ruth is still living on the old farm, but never married. The two younger sisters have been dead some years. Bathsheba died in October, 1842, and from her we received the incidents of "the journey." Captain Devoll and family settled on the Muskingum, five miles above Marietta, after the close of the war in 1795, and built a large mill, which was by far the most useful to the inhabitants of that day, of any in this part of Ohio. Sally married James C. McFarland, and died in 1810, leaving three daughters and one son, who are connected by marriage with some of the leading families in Kenawha county, Virginia. Charles, Barker, Francis and Maria, the two latter born after their parents emigrated to Ohio, are living, with their children, in this vicinity, and rank amongst the most useful and respectable of our inhabitants. Isaac Barker settled at Athens, after the war in 1796—several of his children are yet living and hold respectable stations in society. Captain Haskell married a daughter of Mr. John Greene, cousin to Griffen Greene, and settled in Belprie. During the Indian war he commanded a company of men in the service of the United States. His children are all dead but one daughter, who is united to a very intelligent and worthy farmer, twelve miles west of Marietta. Shaw, the other adult male of the emigrants, settled on the Mississippi river, near Natchez, and became a wealthy cotton planter. Uncle Daniel Cogswell settled at Belprie, and served as a soldier during the trying period of the Indian war. The writer was well acquainted with him in the winter of 1807; soon after which he died with an attack of dropsy, aged about seventy-three years. To the last, he retained his flow of spirits and ready turn of wit. His children still live in Belprie, near the mouth of the Little Hockhocking.

Mr. Rouse died very suddenly, in the year 1819, dropping down dead by the side of the road, at the edge of a pool of water, where he had stopped to water a horse he was leading, only a few rods from home. He was seventy-eight years old. He retained to his last

days a high relish and love for his early whaling occupations. When relating his exploits in that line, he would rise from his chair, and with all the energy and animation of youth, show how whales were slain by the deadly harpoon. He also retained a strong love for the land and habits of his childhood. After he had been in Ohio for some years, he used to say, "he would rather have 'Joe Sampson's' farm than half the state of Ohio." This was a farm at "The Longplain," on which he lived many years as a tenant. It was tolerably productive, but no way remarkable for its fertility—but showing the strong predilections of man for the scenes and days of his early years.

Thus closes the sketch of the early emigrants to Muskingum, whose adventures are only the counterpart of twenty other families, who crossed the Allegany ranges, in the year 1788, and settled at Muskingum. It is in fact a portion of the early history of Ohio, and should be preserved for the same reasons that Virgil has preserved the incidents of the voyage of Æneas from Troy to Italy—they were the founders of a new state. Those days of hardships cannot be reviewed with other than feelings of the highest respect for the individuals who dared to brave the difficulties and uncertainties of a pioneer life. To push new settlements continuously has its toils and its dangers—but to make a leap like that across the mountains, unattended by the necessities and defences of life, and settle down amid savages, whose hatred for the whites was deeply rooted, and often excited by foes, required, indeed, "hearts of oak and nerves of iron." The pioneers of western Pennsylvania and Virginia were daring in the extreme. Those settlements were so new and defenceless as to afford little or no security and but few comforts, to those who crossed the great river. Fearful indeed was the task, but hopeful anticipations, veiled by ignorance of the future, nerved their arms, and the western wilds were settled. Deplorable indeed were some of the means used to remove savage life, but the results were most beneficent. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, arts and sciences flourish. Instead of the wigwam palaces arise. Instead of the bark canoe, the tomahawk and the scalping knife, steamboats and all the implements of comfort and convenience abound. Instead of the savage yell; the literary lecture and the songs of Zion echo through our land: thus where *one* could scarcely find the means of a comfortless existence, a *thousand* may now rejoice in the blessings of their CREATOR.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. P. Hitared

DIARY OF ST. CLAIR'S DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN.

It is not easy to ascertain the object of the following diary, sketch, memoranda, or, as the author calls it, "address." It is, however, highly probable that he had been arraigned before a court martial, after the defeat of general St. Clair, and that the memoranda here given, was the skeleton of a much more elaborate article, to be written out in exculpation, or extenuation of his conduct, which is not mentioned any where in these memoranda. It is, however, a valuable document, as it throws additional light on the causes which led to a most disastrous defeat. The interpolations in brackets are explanations and remarks, by our worthy correspondent, who furnished the following literal copy for us, without whose aid we think it highly probable that there are parts that could not have been decyphered. The address was written on one side of the paper; so that each page faces, and is backed by blank paper; we think it probable the blank parts were intended to be filled with further memoranda—two such appear and are placed in notes at the bottom, referring to the parts which they face. The document is on half sheets, cap paper, doubled and pinned together with a rusty, ancient pin.—[See page 80.

JOURNAL

Of the proceedings of General St. Clair's Army, defeated at Fort Recovery 4th November, 1791.

"In the following address, I mean to state my reasons for adopting a military life, as well as to designate some particulars not generally known, in order to explain the causes of my own conduct to my friends.

"As an agent of F. and M., [not known] general Harmar, (engaged me) in the month of June 1787 to furnish pack horses and rations for the expedition to P—V—[post Vincennes,] though he might well suppose, that I had no property of the contractors in my hands to enable me to comply with his desire; yet I told him, that as a citizen I would endeavor to forward every thing necessary: with what satisfaction I have supplied the troops of B. G. H. [Harmar,] the papers in my possession will fully explain.

"A most ungenerous, as well as unjust process being commenced against me, in order to defraud the persons who furnished part of the supplies; I was obliged to undergo a tedious and vexatious suit, to the injury of my own private affairs.

"At last released from the harpy-claws of the succeeding contractor—relieved from a tedious confinement, and furnished with the most unequivocal proofs, not of my innocence—but of my *honorable* conduct, I came to Fort Washington [Cincinnati] a short time before the troops marched from the fort to Mr. Ludlow's farm.

"The great regard which general Harmar manifested for my conduct in 1787, joined to the desire of serving my country, induced me to declare my intentions of entering into general Harmar's regiment as a cadet, which purpose was agreeable to him. I therefore joined the army at Ludlow's station, for people could find no reason for occupying that station, as general St. Clair was not known to possess any property in the farm in question, unless it might be a wish from private friendship, bribery, or some other cause, of throwing into the contractor's hands 150~~£~~ a day [perhaps dollars*] of the public money, giving the soldiers much unnecessary trouble, exposing them to the severe rains in which some might call *half* tents, and laying the foundation of future diarrhoeas and dysenteries with a long list of other complaints, as I dare say our commander was acquainted with in his professional capacity. After many unnecessary delays we arrived at length on the banks of the Miami, twenty-three miles from F. W. [Fort Washington.] Here we halted again in order to damp the fire of the troops, and reduce every officer (however young in commission, or heretofore used to actual service) to a rigid compliance with a multitude of orders, ill understood and harder to be executed.†

"It is from evidence alone that the public can be informed of the conduct of these servants' self-love; self-interest, and above all, the weakness inherent in mankind, will ever induce them to represent things through the medium of their own prejudices.

"After F. H. [Fort Hamilton] was constructed, it was given out the army was to march the next day with great parade.—They did march—how far? *One mile and a half!* The next day two miles, and so on! By delaying so long in one place the forage was soon destroyed, and of course the horses belonging to the army, as well as those of the conts. [contractors] were getting worse, many stolen from the latter—even at Fort H. [Hamilton] fifty seven, it was said in one drove! the contractors' horses in great numbers in the prairie, as was M. Evans', the company of W. Dunn, and also when the troops marched, M. Ernest's [perhaps this is incorrect.]

"September 23—The troops marched, and it was then when the first rations was ordered to be curtailed to one pound of flour, and afterwards to a quarter of a pound down to agents attending the army, his horses sharing the fate of those of the cavalry. When we returned we found every prairie and swamp covered with their dead bodies. Can declare that W. Dunn was in fault. Had he not horses idle and drivers every day in the prairie? Were orders given to have any cer-

* More likely (£) pounds.—Ed.

† "Court martials are held frequently on officers arrested, as charged by the A. G.—No officer ever broke—all acquitted. A glance at the conduct of court-martials."—[Note by Author.]

tain quantity of provision on hand? Why did not general St. Clair return from F. J. (Fort Jefferson) in case the contractor was not able to furnish provisions?*

"Does any man suppose that a pound of *poor beef*, a quarter of a pound of flour, and no liquor, would inspire adventitious bravery—the miserable beings picked from the dunghills of the United States? or is it to be supposed that the arresting the officers on every trifling occasion would give them a great relish for the service? [Who could be surprised at the defeat of an army thus provided for!]

"After leaving Fort Jefferson, proceeded five and three-fourths miles further to a pretty creek, halted here—days, which we spent very agreeably! Some Indians headed by the mountain leader joined us." [These disappeared the night before the action! They were from the South.]

"Here one levy-soldier was killed and scalped; another was wounded, escaped into camp, but died: proceeded at length seven or eight miles further! next day several of the militia marched off—the first regiment *ordered* after them [this caused the defeat of the army, no doubt.] They set off late in the evening and got a few miles; they proceeded on the road towards the Miami, and detached a party to within nineteen miles of that river—returned, and on the night of the 3d November encamped within four miles of Fort Jefferson. Set off early; heard a noise like cannon, which increased as we advanced until we reached Fort Jefferson, when we were convinced it was the firing of cannon.

"The commanding officer of the first regiment, gallantly ordered to fix bayonets and load, though we were well convinced the firing was at a great distance; proceeded to the creek, six miles—halted—such as *had provisions* breakfasted! Proceeded about three miles further—were ordered to halt—then to *retreat*. We were informed this order proceeded from advice of two fellows, who had been hunting horses and escaped without arms, of the defeat of the army—it was now at least twelve o'clock, having already marched about thirteen miles. This intelligence was confirmed on our retreat, by two horsemen who escaped, one of them wounded slightly; the regiment was encamped in a hollow, pretty near Fort Jefferson. Here all were witnesses to the arrival of such wounded persons as escaped, in a most misera-

*"Can any one suppose that a senator [in congress] has not a right to his pay, six dollars a day [the old rate]? Will he be told at the end of the session, "Go home, here is neither money, provision, or clothing for you?" It's true some senators spend a good deal of breath in the service of their country; but of the soldier it is said, if you happen to be knocked on the head, or die of hunger—your *heirs* will receive it. But has the soldier who spends his blood, his constitution, and his life, no claims—not on the *generosity*, but on the *justice* of his country?—[Note by writer.

ble condition; towards *dusk*, the general and a few officers arrived: his presence did not much dispel the general despondency that prevailed. Hearing that captain Doyle [who afterwards married captain Jos. Bradford's widow] with whom I had been very intimate for several years, was behind, very dangerously wounded, and unable to sit on horseback—there a few of his company had him on a kind of bier—a little after dark, I took my arms and canteen of whisky, and went to his assistance. I continually met parties of eight, ten, or twelve wounded officers on horseback, some on foot; at last towards the *rear* of the routed army, and between three and four miles from Fort Jefferson, I met captain Doyle's party; they seemed much exhausted. Captain Doyle preserved his usual confidence, and, his feet being very cold, he was laid on the ground and well rubbed with camphor; after which we proceeded slowly to the fort, but finding so much confusion there, and almost every room filled with the wounded, we had him taken to M. H's. tent; I proposed to the major to sit him down before *his* fire, as he complained of being very cold; the major refused his being set down, but had him carried into the fort. Fatigued, and hungry, I rolled myself up in my blanket, and threw myself at the root of a tree—was awakened by Mr. Strong, who told me the reg't. was marching away—I started up, and after tumbling over logs and limbs, found myself in the road leading to the Miami; a part of the road was cut through beech swamps, which made it very difficult walking in a dark night! After some time I arrived at the front of the regiment, where I found major H—, G. D. C., and a few other officers: there were a few soldiers of the first regiment within a few yards of them; the remainder of the regiment, I am sure, was scattered at least five miles.

"I threw myself again at the foot of a tree, and passed the night very coolly: next morning several soldiers of the regiment, and some levies came up; marched all this day in scattered bodies, without seeing any officer assume command; passed several levies of militia."

[*Poor Jacko*—Bradford's monkey, who had attended on him while aid to lord Stirling during the revolutionary war, after the death of his master, retreated in his regimentals, from the battle ground to Fort Jefferson, and there died of cold and hunger.]

The closing remark of our correspondent respecting the monkey is not fully understood by us, and I presume will not be by some of our readers. We hope he will extend the anecdote. We hope also that if any of our readers are able to throw light on this rather obscure statement, they will do so. If there is any way of having doubtful histories elucidated, it is by thus publishing documents for the scrutiny of the general reader.

THE HON. JUDGE WILKESON.

WE heartily congratulate the readers of the American Pioneer, upon the re-appearance of this venerable pioneer and talented writer of the "Incidents of Buffalo," published in volume I. He has already furnished us with 9 numbers of his "Early Recollections;" but for the present our readers must be contented with one.

Buffalo, December 29th, 1842.

MR. WILLIAMS:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 27th August was duly received, and would have been promptly answered, but, yielding to your solicitude, I concluded to prepare a communication for the Pioneer, which, I intended, should accompany my reply to your very kind letter; but business called me from home, and my private matters have occupied my mind since my return; every number of the Pioneer, however, reminds me of your request, which I now proceed to comply with.

My communication will contain some of my early recollections, and incidents connected with the settlement of Western Pennsylvania. From these you will see, that my boyhood was spent under circumstances, anything else but favorable for acquiring that education, which qualifies a man for conveying his ideas with ease. I am, sir, very respectfully, yours,

J. Wilkeson

[For the American Pioneer.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER I.

REMOVAL TO WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Introduction—Poverty consequent upon the revolution—Pioneer mothers—Pioneer mode of removal—Great difficulties of the journey—First employments of the pioneer—Indian hostilities—Murder of an Indian—Progress of the first settlers.

THE present happy population of our country, enjoying not only peace, but all the necessities and conveniences of life, can form no just conception of the poverty and privations endured by the early settlers of the West.

The revolutionary war had withdrawn much of the labor of the country from agriculture and manufactures. There was no commerce, no money. The country at large could not furnish even necessary clothing. Hard as was the fate of the soldier while starving, freezing, and fighting for independence, still the prospective was cheering to him; he never doubted that his services would be reward-

ed, and be remembered with gratitude by his country. But when discharged, he received his pay in continental money, worth but a few cents on the dollar, and, returning poor to his family, found them as destitute as himself. The pride and parade of the camp which had excited and sustained him, were now gone—there was none to relieve or assist him. Some sunk under their discouragements. Brave men, who never shrank from danger in their country's defence, and who cheerfully endured all the hardships incident to the soldier's life, had not the courage to contend with poverty, nor the resolution to exchange the excitements of war for that diligent pursuit of personal labor which was requisite for the support of their families. Many, however, resolved on crossing the mountains, and becoming farmers in the west. The difficulties to be encountered in effecting this resolution, were many and great. The journey was full of peril, especially to women and children, poorly provided with even the most common necessities.

It may interest some of your readers, who have never felt what privation or suffering is, to know by what expedients the pioneers of the west were enabled to remove their families across the mountains. I have often, when a boy, listened to the recital made by the mothers who were companions in these sufferings, and who at every meeting in after life would recur to them with tears.

My father's family was one of twenty that emigrated from Carlisle, and the neighboring country, to western Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1784. Our arrangements for the journey would, with little variation, be descriptive of those of the whole caravan. Our family consisted of my father, mother, and three children, (the eldest one five, the youngest less than one year old,) and a bound boy of fourteen. The road to be traveled in crossing the mountains, was scarcely, if at all, practicable for wagons. Pack horses were the only means of transportation then, and for years after. We were provided with three horses, on one of which my mother rode carrying her infant, with all the table furniture and cooking utensils. On another were packed the stores of provisions, the plough irons, and other agricultural tools. The third horse was rigged out with a pack saddle, and two large creels, made of hickory withs in the fashion of a crate, one over each side, in which were stowed the beds and bedding, and the wearing apparel of the family. In the centre of these creels there was an aperture prepared for myself and sister, and the top was well secured by lacing, to keep us in our places, so that only our heads appeared above. Each family was supplied with one or more cows, which was an indispensable provision for the journey.

Their milk furnished the morning and evening meal for the children, and the surplus was carried in canteens for use during the day.

Thus equipped, the company set out on their journey. Many of the men being unacquainted with the management of horses, or the business of packing, little progress was made the first day or two. When the caravan reached the mountains, the road was found to be hardly passable for loaded horses. In many places the path lay along the edge of a precipice, where, if the horse had stumbled, or lost his balance, he would have been precipitated several hundred feet below. The path was crossed by many streams raised by the melting snow and spring rains, and running with rapid current in deep ravines. Most of these had to be forded, as there were no bridges, and but few ferries. For many successive days, hair-breadth escapes were continually occurring; sometimes horses falling, at others carried away by the current, and the women and children with difficulty saved from drowning. Sometimes in ascending steep acclivities, the lashing of the creels would give way, both creels and children tumble to the ground, and roll down the steep, until arrested by some traveler of the company. In crossing streams, or passing places of more than ordinary difficulty in the road, mothers were often separated from some of their children for many hours. The journey was made in April, when the nights were cold. The men who had been inured to the hardships of war, could with cheerfulness endure the fatigues of the journey. It was the mothers who suffered; they could not, after the toils of the day, enjoy the rest they so much needed at night. The wants of their suffering children must be attended to. After preparing their simple meal, they lay down with scanty covering in a miserable cabin, or as it sometimes happened, in the open air, and often unrefreshed, were obliged to rise early, to encounter the fatigues and dangers of another day.

As the company approached the Monongahela, they began to separate. Some settled down near to friends and acquaintances who had preceded them. About half of the company crossed the Monongahela, and settled on Chartier's creek, a few miles south of Pittsburgh, in a hilly country, well watered and heavily timbered. Settlers' rights to land were obtained on easy terms. My father exchanged one of his horses for a tract, (bounded by certain brooks and marked trees,) which was found on being surveyed several years after, to contain about two hundred acres. The new comers aided each other in building cabins, which were made of round logs with a slight covering of clapboards. The building of chimneys and laying of floors, were postponed to a future day. As soon as the families were all

under shelter, the timber was girdled and the necessary clearing made for planting corn, potatoes, and a small patch of flax. Some of the party were despatched for seed. Corn was obtained at Pittsburgh, but potatoes could not be procured short of Legonier valley, distant three days' journey. The season was favorable for clearing, and by unremitted labor, often continued through a part of the night, the women laboring with their husbands, in burning brush and logs, their planting was seasonably secured. But while families and neighbors were cheering each other on with the prospect of an abundant crop, one of the settlements was attacked by the Indians and all of them were thrown into the greatest alarm. This was a calamity which had not been anticipated. It had been confidently believed that peace with Great Britain would secure peace with her Indian allies. The very name of Indian chilled the blood of the late emigrants, but there was no retreat. If they desired to recross the mountains they had not the provisions or means, and had nothing but poverty and suffering to expect should they regain their former homes. They resolved to stay.

The frontier settlements were kept in continual alarm. Murders were frequent, and many were taken prisoners. These were more generally children, who were taken to Detroit (which in violation of the treaty continued to be occupied by the British,) where they were sold. The attacks of the Indians were not confined to the extreme frontier. They often penetrated the settlement several miles, especially when the stealing of horses was a part of their object. Their depredation effected, they retreated precipitately across the Ohio. The settlers for many miles from the Ohio, during six months of the year, lived in daily fear of the Indians. Block houses were provided in several neighborhoods for the protection of the women and children, while the men carried on their farming operations, some standing guard while the others labored. The frequent calls on the settlers to pursue marauding parties, or perform tours of militia duty, greatly interrupted their attention to their crops and families, and increased the anxieties and sufferings of the women. The general government could grant no relief. They had neither money nor credit. Indeed there was little but the name in the old confederation. The state of Pennsylvania was unable to keep up a military force for the defence of her frontier. She had generously exhausted her resources in the struggle for national independence. Her legislature however, passed an act granting a bounty of one hundred dollars on Indian scalps. But an incident occurred which led to the repeal of this law before the termination of the war.

A party of Indian spies having entered a wigwam on French creek, supposed to be untenanted, discovered, while breakfasting, an Indian extended on a piece of bark over head. They took him prisoner, but reflecting that there was no bounty on prisoners, they shot him under circumstances which brought the party into disgrace, and the scalp-bounty law into disrepute.

The settlement was guarded, and in fact preserved from utter dispersion by a few brave men. Brave is a term not sufficiently expressive of the daring boldness of the Bradys, Sprouts, Poes, Lesnets, Weltzells, Caldwells, Crawfords, Williamsons, Pauls, Harrisons and Zaneses, who for years encountered unheard of privations in the defence of the border settlements, and often carried the war successfully into the Indian country. I trust that the story of their many heroic actions will yet be told in the Pioneer.

J. Williamson

ERRORS CORRECTED.

It is with mortification that we advertise the reader of several errors in the sketch of Cleveland, which escaped notice, until many copies were worked off. Some of them were unavoidable, but not all.

On page 22, line 7 from bottom, for Lawrence read Laurens; on page 22, line 7 from bottom, for Beliot read Bolivar; on page 24, line 20 from top, for meeting read seeking; on page 25, line 2 from top, for proper read paper; on page 25, line 21 from top, for Bruce read Buce; on page 26, lines 1 and 2 from top, for Virginia read vineyard; on page 26, lines 1 and 2 from top, for Spoffard read Spafford; on page 27, line 3 from top, for Whu read John; on page 27, lines 5 and 7 from top, for Lemo read Semo; on page 28, line 7 from bottom, for rivers read waves; on page 28, line 10 from bottom, for 400 read forty; on page 29, line 3 from top, for light-tonnage read lighterage. on page 29, line 23 from top, for and read or; on page 29, line 3 from bottom, for merely read made; on page 31, line 14 from top, for road read wood; on page 31, line 21 from top, for 77,550 read about 124,000; on page 31, lines 6 and 7 from bottom, for surpassing read superseding; on page 33, line 7 from bottom, for one hundred and forty feet read fourteen degrees; on page 33, line 19 from bottom, for Laurence read Seneca.

In the sketch of Redstone Old Fort, page 64, line 14 from bottom, for David French read Daniel French.

In volume I, page 375, insert "June 25th 1804," as the date of general Gano's order.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1636. Henry Vane elected governor of Massachusetts.
 Mrs. Anne Hutchinson commences her career, and divides the church in Massachusetts, into two parties.
 Roger Williams still followed by his intolerant enemies; goes farther into Rhode Island, and settles at Providence.
 Governor Harvey seized in Virginia, and sent prisoner to England.
 The Narragansetts make a treaty at Boston with the colonists, and promise to aid them against the Pequots.
 The Pequots kill John Oldham, and the English declare war against them.
1638. Harvey sent back to Virginia, with his former powers.
 The Pequots are attacked at their fort, at Mystic, and routed with great slaughter, and the war rages with great fury against them and the English; the Narragansetts and Mohegans make slaves of the captives, and declare the Pequot nation shall be annihilated.
 The king takes the government of New England into his own hands.
 Mrs. Hutchinson banished for religious opinions, and Mr. Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, settles Exeter.
 The island of Rhode Island settled by Mrs. Hutchinson's leading followers.
 New Haven settled.
 Uncas, the sachem of the Mohegans, summoned to Boston, to answer the charge of his favoring the Pequots.
 Three Englishmen put to death at Plymouth for having killed an Indian.
1639. Wyatt appointed governor of Virginia.
 The Spaniards conquer Florida.
 The Plymouth company set off New Hampshire to Mason, and Maine to Gorges, for which they obtained patents.
 The Connecticut Indians sell Milford, Guilford, Stratford, and Fairfield to the whites, who take immediate possession of them.
1640. The English settle Dover, and establish a distinct government, but becoming divided in matters of religion, the dispute is settled by Roger Williams with an armed force.
1641. The settlements of New Hampshire put themselves under the government of Massachusetts.
 Some Dutchmen killed by the Indians near fort Aurania, near Albany.
 Richard Smith settles in the midst of the Narragansett Indians, where he remained long in peace. This nation of Indians consisted of about 30,000.
 Rhode Island establishes a republican form of government.
1642. Berkeley assumes the government of Virginia, and administers it on republican principles.



